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POEMS BY DOROTHY  
FRANCES GURNEY





# POEMS

BY

DOROTHY FRANCES GURNEY

LONDON

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*TO MY HUSBAND.*

174358



A FEW OF THESE POEMS HAVE APPEARED IN  
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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



## GOD'S GARDEN.

The Lord God planted a garden  
In the first white days of the world,  
And He set there an angel warden  
In a garment of light unfurled.

So near to the peace of Heaven  
The hawk might nest with the wren,  
For there in the cool of the even  
God walked with the first of men.

And I dream that these garden closes  
With their glades and their sun-flecked sod  
And their lilies and bowers of roses  
Were laid by the hand of God.

The kiss of the sun for pardon,  
The song of the birds for mirth,  
One is nearer God's Heart in a garden  
Than anywhere else on earth.

## GARDEN THOUGHTS.

He that is a garden's friend  
Groweth calm and wise,  
And after death shall rise and tend  
A plot in Paradise.

---

Pansies, pansies,  
Warm as fireside fancies.  
Such tender graces  
In their baby-faces !  
Thoughts from Mary's mother-love  
Of the blessed Babe she bore  
And of His dear embraces.

---

Pure as virgin dream  
The Mary-lilies gleam,  
And the red-hearted rose  
Glows and glows  
Warmer and more brave since he  
Is set against their purity.

## DREAMS IN VENICE.

Last night as I lay on my bed and the night went  
through,  
Sleep shook a feather of dreams from his wings of  
the moon  
And it fell on my eyes, dear Heart, and I dreamed  
of you—  
Of you and the stars and the peace of the still  
lagoon.

But a light wind lifted the feather, and lo ! my  
dreams  
Lay in a garden of roses set in the heart of noon,  
And beyond it the beech-clad hills and the fields  
and streams,  
The rapture of thrush and merle and the cushat's  
croon.

## AN OLD MAID.

God's Acre marks another stone  
Above its green and quiet slumber,  
For, sweet Miss Patience, you are gone,  
And Heaven another saint may number.

No longer down the village street  
You pass and lighten half its burden ;  
The children run in vain to greet  
The smile they deemed so dear a guerdon.

Ah ! we shall miss you from your place,  
Who held, perchance, your gentle spirit,  
Your quaint old-fashioned words and face,  
Too cheap to measure half their merit.

Your strength of soul, your depth of thought,  
Ruled, guided, yet offended no man,  
For all your power was schooled and brought  
Within the gentlest scope of woman.

But Death unveils for us to see  
The fulness of your ministration,  
The silence of your charity  
Your life, a simple, sweet oblation.

Scoffers may hold you up to mirth,  
And cynics, if it please them, doubt you ;  
But we who knew you best on earth  
Felt that you carried Heaven about you.



## TO INNOCENCE.

Could I hold, oh ! Love, your white and perfect  
soul

Before the world has bound it with its fashion,  
You and I, by quiet ways and sweet control,  
Might learn life's meaning and love's fullest  
passion.

Could pain of mine, even to my own heart's  
breaking,

But spare your heart its revenue of tears,  
The disillusionment, despair and aching  
The world will bring you with the older years !

Yet, child, I dream one golden, far-off morrow,  
We two shall stand in some diviner place,  
Where youth eternal springs from human sorrow,  
Perfect and white—one soul before God's Face.

## IN ABSENCE.

Lend me but dreams,  
Oh ! Sleep, thy visionary vassals to beguile  
Absence that seems  
Eternal ; give me my lost love a little while  
And I will pay  
Thy kindness with the sorrows of the lonely day

Waste not on those  
Who know the waking joys of undivided love  
Thy spirit-shows,  
Love's bodiless pure presence and the bliss thereof ;  
Keep them for one  
Whose hopes may only rise at setting of the sun.

## THE RETURN.

Oh ! perfect voice,  
A long cold year unheard !  
Hushing all common, harsher noise  
Art thou returned with the joys  
That warmed and stirred  
The small throat of the happy, nesting bird ?

Dead memories  
And all sad things that slept  
Beneath the spell of alien skies,  
At thy remembered harmonies  
Rose up and swept  
A wave of passion over heart and eyes.

## A REVELATION.

Your arms are close around me  
And on my lips your kiss—  
Ah ! how could memory wound me  
In such an hour as this ?

Yet even while you hold me  
My thoughts are far away ;  
Your love has only told me  
My heart is dead to-day !

## AD INFINITUM.

Although our lives are set  
So far, do you forget  
The day our friendship reached its highest goal ?  
We tore the veil aside  
Of false reserves and pride  
And questioned with each other soul to soul.

Remember too how small  
And impotent seemed all  
The arts men use to heighten lover's worth !  
For we had neared the shrine  
And gazéd on Divine  
And known a love beyond the love of Earth.

“ With time dies everything.”  
So fools may write and sing,  
Not we whose ears have heard the Eternal Voice ;  
For ours the higher faith  
Triumphs o'er change and death,  
And Love immortal makes no second choice.

### SERVICE.

Oh ! Love, I am too small to stand  
Beside you as an equal soul,  
And meet your gaze and touch your hand  
And own a common path and goal.

But this at least is in my power,  
To mark your passing day by day,  
And here and there to plant a flower,  
Or move perhaps a stone away.

## DIVINE LOVE.

Fear not, dear Heart, to love too much,  
Fear rather lest thou love too little !  
True Love will bear thy boldest touch,  
For only love of self is brittle.

Shrink not, dear Heart, from passion's flame,  
But rather dread to be without it !  
God's Spirit set thy soul aflame,  
And who art thou that thou should'st doubt it ?

When spirit meets with spirit-love  
Earth's meanest use is hallowed by it ;  
Heaven's fire in falling from above  
Needs no defence to deify it.

### SONGLESS.

Green leaves are here,  
Sunlight and singing-birds ;  
But where ? oh ! where  
Are the old wingéd words ?

Thought lies too deep,  
Joy is too high a thing ;  
And now I weep  
What once I used to sing.



### THE REVEILLÉ.

To-day when someone spoke your name  
My heart was stung to sudden flame,  
And every memory that awoke  
Stabbed through it like a sabre stroke.

And yet the pain of wakened thought  
Was worth its anguish, since it brought  
The knowledge of how deep and true,  
How deathless is my love for you.

### TEARS.

Sometimes when I was near you  
The tears would fill my eyes ;  
To see and feel and hear you  
Linked pain to ecstasies.

Now you are gone the stress is  
That I must play my part  
And smile while no one guesses  
The tears that fill my heart.

### KIT'S ROOM.

A small white room, whose casement shows  
The city river where it flows,  
All girt about with summer trees,  
And quick with summer sun and breeze.

Here few might know the busy street,  
With all its toiling, hurrying feet,  
Lies hidden below—its noises come  
Subdued to such a pleasant hum.

Ah ! in how good an hour did I  
Sit here alone, so close the sky,  
That all my thoughts grew still and clear,  
And all my dreams drew Heaven near !

## THE MAD SPINNER.

Humming wheel, oh ! humming wheel,  
—Hush, my heart, for I must not feel—  
The wind is driving in from the sea  
And it drives the sound of a voice to me.

Flickering flame, flickering flame !  
Did you start and whisper a name ?  
I wait by the fire as I sit and spin  
For the latch to lift and the Dawn come in.

Howl and crack ! howl and crack !  
The waves are strewing the shore with wrack,  
But they hold my life and the heart of me  
Fast, fast, fast in the heart of the sea.

Whirling wool ! whirling wool !  
White, white, white, and soft and cool !  
God's fingers turn in the whistling sleet  
And He spins and I spin for a winding sheet.

Spin, spin ! I am Fate who spins,  
Spins till the Judgment Day begins  
And the great sea, shrinking, gives up her dead  
And my Love comes back to me out of her bed.

## THE THRESHOLD.

Lift up the latch ! Set wide the door !  
I bear my bride across the floor,  
Past the great hearth, beneath the thatch,  
On to the bed-place in the wall ;  
Oh ! Love of mine, so white and small !  
Lift up the latch !

Lift up the latch ! Set wide the door !  
God's Body, though the shrine is poor,  
Comes in the first grey morning watch.  
Her mad, sweet eyes are staring wide ;  
The dead babe stretches at her side—  
Lift up the latch !

Lift up the latch ! Set wide the door !  
Carry them out across the moor,  
Out to the winds that howl and snatch,  
To the lone churchyard by the sea,  
Body and soul and life of me !  
Lift up the latch !

## THE HIGHER STOICISM.

If I must suffer pain, as needs I must  
Since Death and dole so dog the things of dust,  
Let me upgather all my strength and brace  
My soul to meet it with a cheerful face.

And let no other creature's life be made  
The darker for my passage through the shade,  
But rather let the temper of my mind  
Glow but the brighter for the gloom behind.

Let me, with Sorrow for a wholesome friend  
By bitter means achieve the sweeter end,  
As one who passing through the grave may rise  
To prove his own and others' Paradise.

### LITTLE FEET.

All down the valley  
As I walk to-day  
There are little footprints  
Where the children play.

All down the valley  
Of my heart's retreat  
There are little shadows  
Made by small, dead feet.

## FROM A ROMAN LOGGIA.

### I.

The moon was like a silver thread  
Up in the paling sky—  
A small faint moon as half afraid  
To find herself so high.

I leaned upon the loggia wall—  
My castles in the air !  
I had not any fear at all,  
They seemed so safe and fair.

To-night the little moon has grown  
So large and clear and even,  
Her light upon the sleeping town  
Lies like a touch of Heaven.

Oh ! moon, above the loggia wall,  
Your triumph mocks my pain,  
For one by one the castles fall  
Love may not build again.

### II.

Give me a gift, oh ! love, my love,  
The heart you have held so dear ?  
“ I lie in my grave and I cannot move,  
In my grave and I cannot hear.”



What if I come, oh ! love, my love  
Down there to you and the dead ?  
“ Death left my heart in the world above  
And gave me a stone instead.”

## VIOLETS FROM SHELLEY'S GRAVE.

Oh! cloistered sweetness, bending shy  
Your dusky petals to the dew,  
Love counts a dearer thing than you  
These flowers, whose leaves are pale and dry  
  
The spirit that to his dreaming gave  
Its shadow of divine regrets  
Still lingers in the violets  
That lay upon his Roman grave.

### COMPENSATION.

If I had never known you, I had had  
Not so much pain, perchance,  
As now makes sad  
The days that miss your wonted touch and  
glance.

I had not known with how swift blows and keen  
Can Memory annoy,  
In thoughts that lean  
Too close and fondly on some buried joy.

And yet, belovéd, I had missed so much  
Beyond what hinges on  
Mere mortal touch,  
That grief is gainer by comparison.

### AFTERWARDS.

When, spirit-like, she moved among  
The world's material, restless throng,  
He met her beauty day by day,  
And passed it by and went his way.

But when he came and saw her dead,  
With the white flowers about her head,  
He knew—left alien and alone—  
His and the dead soul's life were one.

### A MOMENT.

Was it your voice that I heard  
Stealing down on the wind,  
Or only a bird  
Singing to one of its kind ?

“ Love ! Love ! Love ! ” so it fell  
Soft ere the fancy fled.  
For a moment's spell  
I could forget you were dead !

### A RED SUNSET.

Above the shadow of the western wood  
I saw the heavens aglow with sudden light  
As though swift blushing at her warmer mood  
The dying day had kissed the colder night.

TO V. L.

The poets and the preachers say  
That did we give our love to worth  
Nor ever stoop to meaner clay  
Life would bring only good to birth.

Fair doctrine for the chosen few  
Who wear our worship as a crown !  
But what to such as I, if you  
Could never stoop a little down ?

### DEVOTION.

There is no depth so low,  
Love, where you were,  
But that my heart would leave its rest and bow  
To serve you there.

There is no place so high  
That you might fill  
But that my love would make it wings and fly  
To serve you still.



### THE PORTRAIT.

Every night beneath my pillow,  
Love, I lay your pictured face,  
And if I must wear the willow,  
Still I keep this little grace.

Here I press again in seeming  
Your dear lips and half forget  
All my pain, and fall to dreaming—  
Dreaming that you love me yet.

## LOVE AND PITY.

Love knocked softly at the gate  
Of your barred and guarded heart,  
Strove he early, strove he late,  
Tried in vain each tender art.

Then to aid his trouble sore  
Swift his sister Pity came,  
And the portal, closed before,  
Opened to her holy name.

Sweet, you were your own undoer,  
Being so to Pity kind—  
As she crossed the threshold o'er  
Love himself stole in behind !

## LOVE AND SORROW.

Love met me late upon the way  
Of Fancy's frail dominions,  
A thousand radiances of day  
Throbbled on his spirit-pinions.

He caught my heart—this lovely thing—  
And held it with embraces,  
“Come thou and sit apart and sing  
With me in pleasant places!”

Alas! the truths we hold to-day  
We learn anew to-morrow,  
And I have found that child of play  
Companioned close with sorrow.

## THE LITTLE CRIPPLE.

The birds are singing on every tree,  
Swinging, winging from tree to tree ;  
But there's no more springtime for such as me.

The buds are blowing out on the lea,  
Golden, purple and ivory ;  
But there's no more growing or bloom for me.

My years have numbered but five times three,  
And here I lie like a fallen tree,  
And the young Spring passes and pities me.

For the Hand of God stayed my growth for me,  
The Angel Pain took my youth from me,  
And the long, long years hold no sooth for me.

The birds are singing on every tree,  
The buds are blowing out on the lea ;  
But there's no more springtime for such as me !

## THE LARK'S CALL.

My little maid, with eyes of blue,  
The larks are calling out to you :  
“ Come up ! come up ! you child of spring,  
Into the dancing air, and sing  
For very joy of everything.  
Oh ! child, you are so wild and big !  
We saw you break a budding twig ;  
And, as you play, beneath your tread  
The pretty daisies all are dead.  
We tremble lest your careless feet  
Should crush the eggs that, close and sweet,  
We hid among the meadow grass,  
But little dreaming you would pass.  
You would be so much safer here,  
A-singing in our skyey sphere ! ”

My little maid, with eyes of blue,  
The larks are calling out to you :  
“ Come up ! come up ! you human thing,  
For, oh ! the joy upon the wing,  
Here, where the air is rarely fine,  
And sunshine, like a golden wine,  
Turns and turns within the brain,  
Till one must sing and sing again.  
Come up ! come up ! you human thing ;  
Take but your skirts in hand, and spring ;  
And you will soon be with us here,  
A-singing in our skyey sphere ! ”

## FOR PEGGY'S BIRTHDAY.

Peggy, two years old to-day,  
Must I set your praises forth ?  
Fashion you a birthday lay,  
I, whose songs are little worth ?

Breath of freshest mountain air,  
Scent of orchard blossom fine  
Haunt my memory with the fair,  
Glowing face you turn to mine.

Just so deep and clear and still  
Are your lovely, innocent eyes  
As when winds have worked their will  
And no cloud is in the skies.

The hair upon your temples grows  
Like the curling woodbine shoot  
And the colour of it shows  
As sunlight on the chestnut's fruit.

But the swiftness of your smiles  
And their brightness who shall trace ?  
And your hundred dainty wiles  
Who shall sing their baby grace ?

Peggy, two years old to-day,  
'Tis no easy thing you ask.  
For a fitting birthday lay  
Love himself should take the task.

## THE SHADOW.

Beautiful, dainty thing,  
With your garments of summer blue  
And your eyes that dance and your gems that  
    glance,  
How the sunshine smiles on you !

What is that crouched by the wall,  
Haggard and lean and wan,  
Whose ancient rags on the ashen flags  
    You could almost touch with your fan ?

Beautiful, dainty thing,  
With your braveries all astir,  
Vibrantly bright in the glowing light,  
Your shadow falls on her.

## A SONG OF COURAGE.

“ Sing me a song ! ” Life stood and cried of me,  
“ A song not all made out of tears and sighs,  
Of barren woods and wet and windy skies ;  
Sing me a song of human bravery !

“ Though skies are grey, yet somewhere shines  
the blue,  
The naked trees know green and tender leaf,  
High hope and promise triumph over grief,  
And still the false is worsted by the true.

“ Because the stage whereon they play is small,  
And trivial seems the daily sacrifice,  
Your thoughts disdain the world's nobilities  
Who never think upon themselves at all.

“ Sing, therefore, of the kindness of the poor,  
More keen than yours, who know not hunger's  
pain ;  
Sing of the nameless heroes of the plain  
Who fall unheralded at Glory's door !

“ Sing, too, their humbler brethren of the mine  
Who grope in darkness for your warmth and glee ;  
The countless toilers on the uncertain sea  
Who hazard life that half a world may dine !



“ For I am sick,” cried Life, “ of this your air  
Of dainty melancholy. Make for me  
A sterner song of human bravery,  
Of human patience trampling down despair ! ”

## THE CHALLENGE.

Oh ! my England, oh ! my England, 'mid the  
nations set on high  
For the pointing and the question and the gaze  
of every eye,  
In what fashion dost thou now fulfil thine ancient  
destiny ?

Oh ! my England, oh ! my England, dare we  
glory in thy name,  
When beneath the splendid surface lies the smirch  
and soil of shame,  
And for bread and games, as once in Rome, the  
people sell thy fame ?

Oh ! my England, oh ! my England, we the  
offspring of thy sod,  
Do we tread the strenuous pathway that our  
great forefathers trod  
Who have fought and made and held thee by the  
grace and power of God ?

Oh ! my England, oh ! my England, was their  
labour all in vain,  
Those old saints of thews and sinews of a high  
heroic strain,  
Who had noble thoughts and lived them with no  
selfish greed of gain ?

Oh ! my England, oh ! my England, think ! by  
moor and dale and fen  
How they sleep, thy white-souled daughters and  
thy sons, all valiant men !  
And rouse thine ancient fires and bear such  
children now as then !

## ELLAND.

Up there in Elland  
In the good old days,  
There were silver gleams of falling streams  
And lovely woodland ways.

Up there in Elland  
Down the sunny glen,  
They played their plays and fought their frays,  
The little fairy men.

Up there in Elland  
A lass could meet her love,  
And sit and sigh to a high clear sky,  
And hear the cushat dove.

Up there in Elland,  
Oh! it's changed to-day!  
For the devil's work of grime and murk  
Has driven the elves away.

Up there in Elland  
They've felled the bonny trees,  
And poisoned all, river and fall,  
Where the lovers took their ease.

Up there in Elland  
The sun is never clear,  
For the leaden clouds that rise like shrouds  
From end to end o' the year.

Up there in Elland  
A man that's living now,  
A weary slave from cot to grave,  
Toils in the sweat of his brow.

Up there in Elland,  
Oh ! for heaven again !  
For a flower that blows and a stream that flows  
*Clean* through the sunny plain !

MOTTOES FOR SEVEN OLD  
WARMING-PANS.

*(In the possession of the Rev. R. Hanbury-Miers.)*

I.

With this pan from toe to head  
Doe I warm my guesste's bed.  
With good loving in my hearte  
Doe I bid him come and part.

II.

As doth this pan hot coals inurn,  
So in my heart Love's fires doe burn.

III.

Let either sheet  
Be fine and sweet,  
The pillow deep,  
Inviting sleep.  
From top to toe  
For heartsome glow,  
Pass me, sweet Nan,  
This warming-pan.

IV.

Let thy love to fellow-man  
Glow as doth this warming-pan.

V.

Life's a bed that's chill  
With every kind of ill.  
Love's the warming-pan  
Warming it to man.

VI.

May thy face, like this pan's dial,  
Shine through every daily trial.

VII.

This warming-pan that looks so cold  
The fire's hottest ash doth hold.  
So deepest love doth often hide  
Beneath a face of quiet pride.

## BONNY MARY.

Oh ! you may bid the summer wind  
Give strict account for each vagary,  
Yet never think with laws to bind  
The wandering steps of Bonny Mary !

And you may pierce the sunset clouds  
That float in golden veils and airy,  
But not the mystery that enshrouds  
The changeful schemes of Bonny Mary !

And you may rob the boundless main  
Of all its hidden treasures chary,  
But you shall seek to know in vain  
The secret thoughts of Bonny Mary !

And yet before her feet we fall  
Spell-bound, both foolish ones and wary  
And think it bliss to be in thrall  
To such a queen as Bonny Mary !



## LOVE DEAD.

Sweet, no longer weep nor wail,  
Nor change so quick from red to pale  
Since love is dead that was your bale.

For to have you glad and free  
I have slain fair Love in me,  
Knowing not how hard 'twould be.

Now to liberty annexed  
You shall be no longer vexed  
Nor with Love's wild ways perplexed.

But since you have given your fiat,  
Should you pine in too much quiet  
For Love's old delicious riot ;

All in vain your best endeavour  
To bind again the tie you sever—  
Love once dead is dead for ever !

## LOVE BURIED.

I met my love upon the way—

Oh ! but the weather was wet and grey !

“ And where is our love this many a day ? ”

“ Do you not know, sweetheart,” she said.

“ This love of ours, he is cold and dead ?

And we two here must dig him a bed.

“ A bed where he may rest full fain,

And never trouble our hearts again,

That, seeking pleasure, have chanced on pain.”

I looked my sweetheart in the face—

Oh ! but the rain beat down apace !

“ And where shall we find him a burying-place ? ”

“ There is no room in my heart,” she said,

“ No room for a love that is cold and dead,

With the new love reigning there in his stead.”

“ Sweetheart ! then I will give him rest,

I will dig him a grave in my empty breast,

That never may house a fairer guest.”

We dug it deep, my dear and I—

Oh ! but the wind swept down the sky !

And we left him with never a tear or a sigh.

He cannot rise from a grave so deep,  
But sometimes I think I can hear him weep,  
And stir a little down there in his sleep.

## THE EXCUSE.

If when I stole that kiss  
I did amiss,  
I still can find good reason  
For the love-treason ;  
For, sweet, believe me,  
'Tis you that should be chid  
For what I did,  
Since 'twas your glances kind  
That served to blind  
And so deceive me !

But if you needs must tame  
My passion's flame,  
Tie up each curling tress  
That courts caress !  
No more discover  
The light of love that lies  
Within your eyes !  
Such beauties to resist  
Would take, I wist,  
A colder lover !

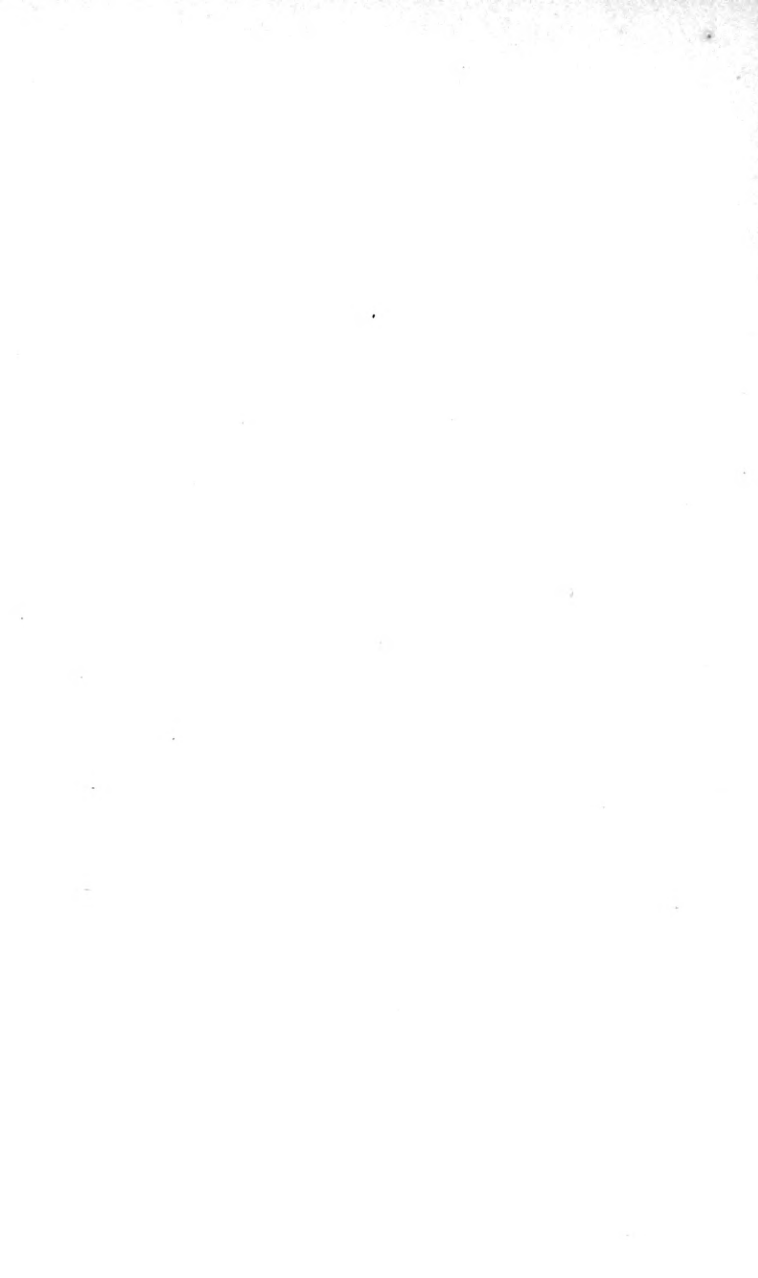
### THE CALENDAR.

When Love the flight of Time records  
    He measures it in blisses,  
And counts his days in honey words  
    And all his months in kisses.

Then, Love ! when I am with my dear  
    Bid Time awhile delay,  
And count me out thy longest year  
    Into his single day !



SONGS FOR MUSIC.





## LITTLE THINGS.

No one sings the little songs  
Now that you are dead ;  
The little songs you used to croon  
Over a cradled head.

No one does the little things  
With your gentle grace,  
The little things that used to make  
The world a pleasant place.

No one says the little name  
Only we two knew !  
Do you use it still, dear heart,  
Up in Heaven's blue ?

## LUCK'S LULLABY.

Little feet, little feet,  
    Stumbling as you play,  
Shall I tell you what you'll meet  
    On the Wander-way ?  
Then lie you still and shut your eyes,  
And Luck will sing you lullabies.  
    Lo, la, lulla !

Little dear, pretty dear,  
    Ugly things will hide  
As you pass along, for fear  
    Of your maiden pride.  
Then lie you still and shut your eyes,  
And Luck will sing you lullabies.  
    Lo, la, lulla !

And there will come a golden child  
    And lead you by the hand,  
All across a pleasant wild  
    Into Fairy-land.  
So lie you still and shut your eyes,  
And Luck will sing you lullabies.  
    Lo, la, lulla !

## SONG OF THE VENETIAN SAILS.

Brown sails for toiling  
For the city's needs,  
For the sweat and soiling  
Honest labour breeds.

Golden sails for moving  
Over a golden sea  
To a golden loving  
Just of you and me.

White sails for drifting  
Under the starry skies,  
To watch the angels lifting  
The veil of Paradise.

## PURPOSE.

My heart was like a swallow,  
Restless and light of wing,  
That went with every winter  
And came with every spring.

My life was like an echo  
That, answering every call,  
Held each a little moment,  
Only to lose them all.

But you have tamed the swallow  
That nevermore may rove,  
And you have tuned the echo  
To one long note of love !

## THE DAISY CHAIN.

Bring me no more  
Your roses red—  
Those globes of fire  
Wherein desire  
Lurks to restore  
A passion dead !  
Lest sight and scent shall wake again  
The memory of an ancient pain.

But prithee get  
Me daisies white,  
That I may so  
Forget my woe,  
And dream me yet  
A little sprite,  
Who binds her joys with daisy chain,  
Nor ever lets them loose again !

## UNION.

You take that road  
And I take this road  
    Across Life's plain ;  
But whichever road we go  
Curves inward to a bow  
    And we meet again.

You sing that song  
And I sing this song  
    Of love or pain ;  
But whichever song we sing  
Rounds to a perfect ring  
    In the same refrain.

You love that way  
And I love this way  
    For loss or gain ;  
But our loves, or weak or strong,  
Through the ages all along,  
    In God's Heart have lain.

## LONGING FOR THE NORTH.

Oh ! I may walk in Southern ways  
By the lovely river-land,  
And watch the soft wind as it plays  
With the corn on either hand ;  
By honeysuckle and wild rose lane,  
And flowery, fairy dells,  
But my heart goes out with a kind of pain  
For a sight of the Northern Fells.

Oh ! I may live where the Western sky  
Lifts over the open moor,  
And watch the great ships steaming by  
Through the stately harbour door ;  
But soft is the air of moor and sea  
Breathing of slumber spells,  
And wild, wild, wild is the heart of me  
For the cold of the Northern Fells.

Oh ! to stand where the great hills close  
Round the tarn at even-fall,  
While the brown, brown bracken grows to a rose  
And the wild-fowl wheel and call !  
And through the gloom and the glamouring  
You can hear the light sheep-bells,  
Ah ! never the South and the West for me  
With my heart on the Northern Fells.

## WANDEREE.

King Wanderee has come over the sea  
And nobody knows what he said to me,  
He came in the trade-wind down from the hill,  
He crept in my bones and I can't keep still ;  
For there's never a harbour, a maid or a wife  
Can keep a man from the old sea life,  
When Wanderee comes over the sea  
We sailors up and we goes with he !

King Wanderee has come over the sea  
And he whispered low in the heart of me,  
And I saw the fair wind blow to the West  
And a great ship sliding from crest to crest ;  
And who am I to be stayed by fears  
Or turned about by a maiden's tears ?  
When Wanderee comes over the sea  
It's kiss your lass and along with he !

King Wanderee has come over the sea  
And he calls my mates by two and by three,  
Calls and calls till he stirreth the blood  
And a man wakes up to his hardihood.  
Then it's good-bye, wife, and it's good-bye, maid,  
Good-bye to port and we'll not be stayed ;  
For Wanderee has come over the sea  
And we sailors all are away with he !



## OVER THE MOOR TO TAVISTOCK.

It's May in the West of England now,  
And the tasselled larch is green  
With a living green against the show  
Of the dark firs set between ;  
And the gorse bush burns, a flaming thing  
Above the boulders grey,  
And you hear the lark's song shivering  
All down the skies of May,  
And it's nothing but sand, sand, sand,  
In this weary and foreign land,  
And oh ! to be walking by wood and rock  
Over the moor to Tavistock !

It's May in the land of stream and tor  
And my girl looking out,  
Shading her eyes, at the farmstead door,  
From her bright hair blown about ;  
Watching the old man climb the hill,  
While the mother stands behind  
With a face that the peace of God keeps still,  
And the love of God makes kind.  
And here in the changeless sand  
Of this dreary foreign land  
I dream I'm walking by wood and rock  
Over the moor to Tavistock !

## THE LITTLE MAIDS OF DEVON.

Oh ! the little maids of Devon  
They've a rose in either cheek  
And their eyes like bits of heaven  
Meet your own with glances meek,  
But within them there are little imps  
That play at hide and seek.

Oh ! the little maids of Devon  
They have skins of milk and cream  
Just as pure and clear and even  
As a pool on Dartmoor Stream,  
But who looks at them is holden  
With the magic of a dream.

Oh ! the little maids of Devon  
They have honey-coloured hair  
Where the sun has worked like leaven  
Turning russet tones to fair,  
And they hold you by the strands of it  
And drive you to despair.

Oh ! the little maids of Devon  
They have voices like a dove  
And Jacob's years of seven  
One would serve to have their love,  
But their hearts are things of mystery  
A man may never prove.

**SONNETS AND OTHER FORMS.**



## TO SLEEP.

### SONNET.

There is a land where none are callèd kings,  
Where high and low and rich and poor are one,  
Naked and equal in the oblivion  
That falls upon the face of waking things ;  
Where thought may rest her overwearied wings  
And fancy all his wildest plumage don  
Clipped by no limit or comparison,  
And where the voice of Hope eternal sings.

Ah ! lovely land of Sleep, whose borders glad  
I trod at will till Love had driven me hence  
And cursed my days and nights with blind unrest !  
In vain I beat upon thy portals blest  
That bar me from the joys which once I had  
And make a mockery of my impotence !

## A GARDEN IN VENICE.

### SONNET.

There is a garden in a vineyard set  
Beneath the spell of Adriatic skies,  
A lovely place of dreams and ecstasies,  
Of colour tangled in a verdant net,  
The shimmer of the low lagoon whose fret  
Washes the garden's length and rose that vies  
With rose, pomegranate and tall flowers that rise  
Above their fellows in one glory met.  
And there I think in the still summer night,  
When all the world is sleeping save the moon  
And the blest nightingale who shuns the noon,  
The closed flowers open out of sheer delight  
And the white lilies bow their slender stalks,  
For through them, 'neath the vines, Madonna  
walks.

## AUTUMN.

### SONNET.

The wind-swept sky is very clear and still ;  
There is a gleam scarce earthly in the blue  
That melts in delicate sunlight out of view  
Where, fold on fold, hill rises over hill.

Autumn has touched the summer with her chill,  
Ethereal hand, and shivered through and through  
The dull green woodlands, till in every hue,  
From gold to red, they answer to the thrill.

Even so the autumn closes in my life  
Towards its wintry end, and I feel Death—  
Dear and familiar Angel—lay his hand  
Gently on mine, and draw me from the strife  
Into a haven where, with quiet breath  
And a great hope, I wait his last command.

## TO DEATH.

### SONNET.

I, who have lived as if the blessed light  
Were such a thing as needs must last alway,  
And so have left the thoughts I had to say  
Until my mood and they were tuned aright,  
Yet sometimes feel a pang of strange affright  
Lest, all unheralded by twilight grey  
Or slow, sweet fading of the pleasant day,  
Death should drop suddenly the veil of night.

Oh! Death, bethink thee that my years are  
    young,  
And in my soul is still the breath of Spring,  
That the fair speech which trembles on my tongue  
Must die with me, a fruitless, still-born thing;  
Think of the many songs as yet unsung,  
And all a world of wonder still to sing!

*Florence.*

*Nov. 29, 1885.*



## BENEDICTUS.

### SONNET.

A February morning, whose first flush  
Lights the few faithful peasants kneeling by  
And the lone figure in the Sanctuary  
Blessing the lifted Bread and Wine. A hush  
Falls for a moment, then a sudden rush  
Of delicate bird voices, cry on cry.  
The sparrow's, linnet's, the lark's ecstasy,  
The blackbird's croon, the sobbing of the thrush.

Here is no mighty organ choiring fair,  
To hail God's coming, bid the heart rejoice,  
A poor small church, the priest's low reverent  
voice,  
But a faint murmur in the heart of prayer,  
Yet, lest God miss His music to the words,  
Spring wakes the Benedictus of the Birds.

## A RHYMED SESTINA.

If Love would bring me where my lady is—  
We having been so great a while apart—  
All the sweet songs and speech I made of this  
My longing for her great within my heart,  
Being so swiftly to her presence come  
Would die for joy and leave me cold and dumb.

And I should envy even the ground, the dumb  
Green ground she treads on and the grass that is  
So close about her feet, the winds that come  
And stir her hair this way and that apart,  
But most of all the myrtle at her heart—  
Love were well paid with less a prize than this !

Oh ! nights, long wakeful nights, fair even as this  
I dream in—all the world asleep and dumb—  
That knew our fancied meeting heart to heart !  
Chill dawns that told how cold the waking is  
To find our loves are still as far apart  
And days of weary waiting yet to come !

I lie and watch the moonlight go and come,  
Pale shadow of a purer world than this,  
And hear where down the ilex grove apart  
Sings Philomel who all the day was dumb,  
With so divine a note that sure it is  
The rise and falling of Love's very heart.

Oh ! Love, the heart of night is in my heart  
And with the moon strange moonlit fancies come  
And I forget that any world there is,  
Or any other singing bird but this ;  
So sweet it is for lips that erst were dumb  
To break in song the prison bonds apart !

Ah ! now it is not hard to sit apart  
And sing Love's praises. Yet within my heart  
There grows a doubt the day may find me dumb  
When with my fairest songs I fain would come  
Before her face, who have no way but this  
To show how very sweet her service is.

Gentle my master ! speak, that there may come  
A spirit of song to dwell within my heart  
When thou dost bring me where my lady is !

*Rome.*

*Feb. 25, 1886.*

### THREE ROUNDELS.

#### I.

My lips refuse to take farewell of bliss,  
Sweet Love, so sweet and cold I can but choose  
To leave thee, only parting word and kiss  
My lips refuse.

Fancy wears livery of a thousand hues !  
So love in idleness may come to this  
And I must bring the thought to common use.

That ever—save in memory—I shall miss  
Thy short-lived tendernesses, ever lose  
All that has taught how dear a thing it is  
My lips refuse !

#### II.

Other lips than yours intreat  
Those I vowed in vanished hours  
Never Fate should force to greet  
Other lips than yours.

Memory dulls perchance and sours  
What was once so strangely sweet  
Being ours and only ours ?

All the life and heart and heat,  
All the soul that Love outpours  
Die upon the lips that meet  
Other lips than yours.

III.

Love, though I die and dying lave  
My soul in Lethe endlessly,  
Losing all else I still would save—  
Love, though I die—

Thy living presence, touch and sigh,  
All that the golden moments gave  
To vanished hours of ecstasy.

Then make thou great and wide my grave,  
So wide we two therein may lie ;  
For sense of thee my soul will crave  
Love, though I die !

To G. G. W.

BALLADE.

So as of old the wandering Greek  
    A new Odysseus from the sea  
You come, and I shall hear you speak  
    Of our enchantress, Italy,  
    Of breezes blown from Araby,  
Scents borne upon an Indian gale ;  
    But you will never paint for me  
A fairer place than Rydal Vale :

You've climbed the Himalayan peak  
    And sailed perchance by Tahiti,  
You've watched the golden morning break  
    O'er lands that rival Arcady ;  
    From Oregon to Albany  
By many a soft New England dale  
You've wandered, yet you scarce could see  
    A fairer place than Rydal Vale.

Oh ! stream of winding curve and creek  
    Whose waters dance in harmony  
And skirt with many a fret and freak  
    The meadow of the rowan-tree,  
    Where in the summer evenings we  
Have watched the flying ball or bail—  
    Say ! can you find to wander free  
A fairer place than Rydal Vale ?

ENVOI.

Friend, 'tis a question of degree.

For me your larger wonders pale :

I cannot hold in memory

A fairer place than Rydal Vale.

*July, 1890.*

## A BALLADE OF LOVERSLAND.

In Loversland the skies are blue,  
Or barred with rosy clouds between,  
The flowers are fairer far of hue  
Than ever flowers of earth are seen,  
And all day long through meadows green,  
Beside the river, hand in hand,  
Walk youths and maids of gentle mien  
In Loversland, in Loversland.

And some there are that lightly strew  
With roses all the way serene,  
And some that pleasant odours brew  
From elderflower and eglantine,  
And others still in dell and dene,  
With brows the kindly sun has tanned,  
Who sow the seed and harvest glean  
In Loversland, in Loversland.

Dan Cupid schools a merry crew  
Beneath the beeches' leafy screen,  
And bids each ardent swain construe  
The glances from his mistress' eyn ;  
No harder task than this, I ween,  
Was ever there for scholar planned—  
To sing and serve his fancy's queen  
In Loversland, in Loversland.



# ENVOI.

Ah! can it be that we have been,  
Sweetheart, on that enchanted strand?  
That we too know what life may mean  
In Loversland, in Loversland?

## MOON-SPELL.

### ROUNDEL.

Slow mounts the moon where yonder hills are met ;  
    While the spent noon  
Fades in pale lines of flame to westward yet,  
    Slow mounts the moon.

Faint gusts of wind among the rushes croon ;  
    The bay is set,  
A silver cup where Love may drink and swoon.  
Forgetting all the toil and vain regret,  
    The vanished boon,  
Since overhead—Sleep's mystic amulet—  
    Slow mounts the moon.

## TRIOLETS.



SUB ROSA.

Love hid in the rose  
    My love gathered for me ;  
And by all the sweet throes  
Love hid in the rose  
To peril repose,  
    I fear lest you see  
Love, hid in the rose  
    My love gathered for me !

### APPLE-BLOSSOM.

Clear against the rainy sky,  
Pink and white of apple bloom  
Spreads its clusters low and high.  
Clear against the rainy sky  
Of my tears can Love descry  
Your lost face and through the gloom,  
Clear against the rainy sky,  
Pink and white of apple bloom.

## SHADOWS.

The shadows lie  
Across the mere ;  
Across the sky  
The shadows lie,  
And Love and I  
Are drifting where  
The shadows lie  
Across the mere.

## IN THE WOODS.

Down the woods at Godalming  
All the ways are green ;  
Thrush and tit and blackbird sing  
Down the woods at Godalming,  
For where Love is wandering  
And where Spring has been,  
Down the woods at Godalming  
All the ways are green.



### THE DIARY.

Within these leaves I keep,  
    For memory's sake,  
Tokens that fade and sleep  
Within these leaves. I keep  
Thoughts here too light and deep,  
And laughter and heartache  
Within these leaves I keep,  
    For memory's sake.



**TRANSLATIONS.**



## THE IDEAL.

The moon is large, the heaven fair  
And full of stars, the earth is spent ;  
All the world's soul is in the air :  
Of one great star magnificent

I dream, of one I may not see  
And yet whose light must, travelling, gauge  
The eternal space and come to me  
The glory of another age.

When at the last it shines above,  
Fairest and farthest star in space,  
Then let it know it had my love,  
Oh ! latest of the human race.

—*From the French of Sully Prudhomme.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF SULLY  
PRUDHOMME.

When she your best belovèd dies  
Farewells for you are swift and sore,  
They bear her hence with closèd eyes  
And she is gone for evermore.

But I behold my best beloved—  
Who smiles and is no more for me—  
Even as a shade, but livelier moved,  
More present than a memory.

I lose her thus my whole life through  
In one farewell that never dies—  
Oh! Death! how ill they buried you  
Who have forgot to close your eyes.

## DOWN HERE.

Down here fast fade the lilac bowers,  
The song of birds is short, nor stays—  
I dream of summers that are ours  
    Always.

Down here Love's lips, like fragile flowers,  
Scarce leave a memory of their grace—  
I dream of kisses that are ours  
    Always.

Down here men mourn lost friendship's hours,  
Or the dead loves of younger days—  
I dream of lovers who are ours  
    Always.

—*From the French of Sully Prudhomme.*

## THE GOLDEN LEAVES.

The leaves of gold, the leaves of death,  
All the summer leaves are falling  
Into the wind's imperious breath,  
Into the wind that summoneth  
With an eternal calling, calling.

Across the shivering mist of rain,  
Towards the scent of winter's track  
They wing their flight, a scattered train,  
While the frail branches seem in vain  
To long and long to hold them back.

And all the summer goes with them,  
And all the lovely hope of spring,  
For as the tempests scourge their stem,  
The bare trees mourn their diadem,  
And bow their heads remembering.

Oh ! barren trees, oh ! hearts that weep,  
The song-time of your youth recalling,  
While in the wind's relentless sweep  
The golden leaves you could not keep—  
The summer leaves are falling, falling.

—From "*Le Silence des Heures*," by Henry Spiess.



**SACRED POEMS.**



## THE WILDERNESS AND THE SOLITARY PLACE.

Lord, for my sinful pride my moan I make ;  
My eyes are wet, my head is bowed and worn.  
" Child of My love and wounding, I have borne  
The Crown of Agony for thy dear sake  
And for thy joy in every bush and brake  
I have made white the thorn."

Lord, for my days of idle vanity  
I scarce dare lift my hands up to Thy Face.  
" Child of My love and wounding, for thy grace  
My Hands were nailed upon the Cross. For thee  
I bade the swift and tender briony  
Star the deserted space."

Lord, for my wandering and my waywardness  
I falter lest my feet should go astray.  
" Child of My love and wounding, all that day  
My Feet were bruised and broken, thine to bless,  
So with these flowers that thou mayst stray the less  
I have bestrewn thy way."

Lord, for my cold forgetfulness, ah ! see  
My heart is broken and I faint for fear.  
" Child of My love and wounding, child most dear !  
My Heart was pierced thy Hiding Place to be,  
And I have brought from It to comfort thee  
The sweets of all the year."

“ THE WIND BLOWETH.”

The wind's way, the wind's way !  
Coming down the wind's way  
I saw a myriad phantoms pass,  
The spirits of the meadow grass ;  
Little fragile, fluttering things  
With their green and delicate wings  
Coming down the wind's way.

The wind's way, the wind's way !  
Coming down the wind's way  
I saw the spirits of the flowers  
Floating out to the fields and bowers ;  
Every shape and every hue  
With wild sweet eyes of heaven's blue  
Coming down the wind's way.

The wind's way, the wind's way !  
Coming down the wind's way  
I saw those ancient dignities,  
The spirits of the forest trees,  
Each in his order and his kind,  
Trailing their splendid robes behind,  
Coming down the wind's way.

The wind's way, the wind's way !  
Coming down the wind's way,  
Where the soul of the world had gone,  
There came One, silent and alone,

Whose Visage marred I dared not meet.  
I knelt to kiss the wounded Feet  
And knew, 'mid love's bewildering,  
The dear, dread Master of the Spring  
Coming down the Wind's Way.

TO A SAINT.

You go your way serene and calm  
And in your hand a burning star,  
I follow you from very far,  
A glow-worm in my trembling palm.

Yet stoop from your diviner height  
Out of your star-illumined way,  
For though it casts so small a ray  
That which I bear is still the Light.

“ AS LITTLE CHILDREN.”

Why do you blame me that I keep  
My child-heart still in older years ?  
Too soon we cease to laugh or weep  
With the old tender hopes and fears.

Ah ! rather should we joy to find  
We have not lost so fair a good,  
The straight simplicity of mind  
Of which Love said in reverent mood :  
“ To such as these in heart are given  
The kingdom and the ways of Heaven ! ”

## MAY DAY

(1907).

May Day, Mary's Day,  
When all should be green and glad ;  
But the rain fell fast from the dawning,  
Chilly and grey and sad.

Raindrops on Mary's Day—  
They were Mary's tears that fell  
Over the sick and the sorrowful  
And the souls that run towards hell.

May Day, Mary's Day,  
Chilly and grey and sad ;  
But the sun shone after the noontide  
And the world grew warm and glad.

Sunlight on Mary's Day—  
'Twas the joy in Mary's eyes  
As she thought of her Son, Lord Jesu's love  
And the bliss of Paradise.



## THE ROBE.

I saw Thy Robe, my God, the other day ;  
Over the earth It lay,  
A very miracle of light,  
Whiter than moon upon a winter night,  
Or snow new-fallen on a height,  
And yet shot through with every splendid hue,  
Gold, green and rose and amethyst and blue  
And the deep purple of the distant woods  
Where silence broods  
Against the soft Spring sky.  
And all my heart was one great cry,  
One longing just to touch It and so die.  
Alas, my hands ! my hands were soiled and  
    smeared  
With handling of earth's pleasures and I feared,  
I feared too much  
The Holy Thing——  
Sudden I heard a Voice Whose ring  
Smote tender, yet with accents of a King :  
“ Fear not, O ! my belovèd, kneel and touch ! ”  
In sheer delight  
I bowed me to Its high commands,  
And lo ! my hands  
Against that perfect Whiteness were made white.

## THE FIRST COMMUNION.

I am a little plate  
Which God doth consecrate  
To hold the blessed Bread ;  
I must keep very white  
Lest I should do despite  
To Food so dear and dread.

I am a little cup  
Wherein God filleth up  
The Wine of priceless treasure ;  
So I am very still  
For fear lest I should spill  
Aught of the holy Measure.

## MATER DOLOROSA.

Fair and most fair !  
With the Child on thy knee,  
Look down on me,  
And my despair !  
Oh, empty arms ! Oh, aching smart !  
The little feet pass over my heart.

Star of the sea !  
I can see him stand  
On the shining sand,  
And shout his glee.  
And to and fro, as the swallows dart,  
The little feet pass over my heart.

Mother of God !  
The nights grow chill,  
I can hear them still  
Down the frozen road ;  
On the air they rise, and they fall and start,  
The little feet pass over my heart.

“ Oh ! dark despair,  
He comes to thee,  
The Child from my knee,  
Fair and Most Fair.  
He shall fill thine arms, He shall heal thy smart,  
His piercèd Feet shall rest on thy heart.”

## SANCTUARY.

I know a little maid,  
Humble and pure of heart,  
Who never knew an hour of ease,  
But lives another's will to please,  
In her still world apart,  
Half dumb and all afraid.

She is so frail and slight !  
When she nears Paradise  
May God's dear Mother, of Her grace,  
In some green, lovely, lonely place  
Lesson her timid eyes  
To meet the Saint's in light !

## A DECISION.

I have determined what to do  
At morning and at evening too ;  
I will find out a song to sing—  
Though it be but a little thing,  
'Twill serve to hearten up my days,  
To tune my pipe and give God praise !

There is the sun and the sunny sward,  
And the moon that lights it afterward,  
And birds and flowers and winds and brooks,  
And children with their pretty looks.  
Here's stuff to make a thousand lays,  
To tune my pipe and give God praise !

There's beauty in the greyest sky,  
And in the wild wind mystery ;  
There's magic in the falling rain,  
A joy within the heart of pain.  
These all shall furnish me with ways  
To tune my pipe and give God praise !

So am I settled what to do  
At evening and at morning too ;  
I'll find some simple song to sing,  
Some little fond imagining,  
To cheer the dullest of my days,  
To tune my pipe and give God praise !



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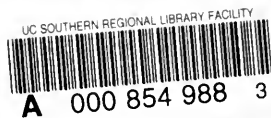




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